

Come Ye Lofty

(1871)

Editor: John Henry Fowler

(Revision: 11-30-2007)

George Job Elvey

(1816 - 1893)



1: Come, ye lofty, come, ye lowly,
Let your songs of gladness ring;
In a stable lies the Holy,
In a manger rests the King:
See in Mary's arms reposing
Christ by highest Heav'n adored:
Come, your circle round Him closing,
Pious hearts that love the Lord.

2: Come ye poor, no pomp of station
Robes the Child your hearts adore;
He, the Lord of all salvation,
Shares your want, is weak and poor:
Oxen, round about behold them;
Rafters naked, cold, and bare,
See the shepherds, God has told them
That the Prince of Life lies there.

3: Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf, and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake:
Come ye gentle hearts and tender,
Come ye spirits keen and bold;
All in all your homage render,
Weak and mighty, young and old.

4: High above a star is shining,
And the wise men haste from far:
Come, glad hearts, and spirits pining—
For you all has ris'n the star.
Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love, and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
All in all draw nigh to gaze.

5: Hark the Heav'n of heav'ns is ringing:
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

Lyrics: Archer T. Gueney in Christmas Carols New and Old,
by Henry R. Bramley and John Stainer (London: Novello, Ewer & Co., 1871),